1585

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. IX.—No. 17. **NEW YORK, N. Y., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.** **Whole No. 251.**

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

Extracts from Nietzsche's "Morgenrothe."

[Translated by E. H. S.]

THE PANEGYRISTS OF WORK. — Behind the glorification of "work," behind the tireless talk about the "blessings of work," I see the same thought as behind the praise of altruistic, impersonal acts: the fear of everything that is individualistic. In contemplating work — by which is always meant that hard industriousness from early to late — the bottom feeling always is that such work is the best police, that it holds everybody in check, that it knows how to powerfully hinder the development of reason, of desire, of the craving for independence. For it uses up an extraordinary amount of nerve force and withdraws it from reflection, speculation, dreaming, worrying, loving, hating; it holds a small aim always up to view, and affords easy and regular satisfactions. Thus there will be more security in a community which is constantly hard at work: and security is now worshipped as the supreme Godhead.— And now! Oh, horror! It is the "laborer" himself who has become *dangerous!* There are swarms of "dangerous individuals"! And behind them all the danger of dangers,— *the* individual!

THE MORAL FASHION OF A COMMERCIAL SOCIETY. — Back of the principle of the present fashion in morals, — "moral actions are the actions of sympathy for others," — I see a social tendency of fear to prevail, which in this manner intellectually disguises itself: this tendency has for its highest, most important, most immediate end to divest life of *all possibility of danger* which it formerly had, and to make *every one* aid in gaining this end to the extent of his power: therefore the predicate "good" can be given only to those actions which aim at the common safety and the sense of safety of society! How little joy must there now be in men when such a tyranny of fear dictates their highest moral law to them, when they submissively allow themselves to be commanded to overlook themselves, but to have lynx-eyes for every necessity, every suffering outside of themselves! Are we not, with such extraordinary determination to rub down all sharp edges and corners of life, on the best way towards making all mankind into sand? Sand! Small, soft, round, infinite sand! Is that your ideal, ye heralds of the sympathetic affections? Meanwhile the question even remains unanswered whether it is of *greater benefit* to the other to be continually running to his immediate rescue and *helping* him,— which after all can be done only very superficially where it is not to become tyrannical interference and transformation,— or to *make* something of ourselves which the other may look upon with pleasure: for instance, a beautiful, quiet garden, complete in itself, that has high walls against tempests and the dust of the highway, but also a hospitable portal.

TO LEARN SOLITUDE. —Oh, ye poor wights in the great cities of international politics, ye young talented men, tortured by ambition, who consider it their duty to say their say in everything that happens — and something is always happening! Who, because they are always listening, always lying in wait for the moment when they can throw in their word, lose all true productivity! May they be ever so desirous to achieve great works, the deep silence of pregnancy never comes to them! The event of the day drives them like chaff before the wind, while they think they are driving the event, — the poor wights! If one desires to act the hero on the stage, one must not think of managing the chorus, one must not even know how the chorus is managed.

DAILY THE WORSE FOR WEAR. — These young men are wanting neither in character, nor in talent, nor in industry: but they have never been allowed time enough to direct their own course; rather have they from infancy been drilled in receiving a course. At the time when they were ripe enough "to be sent into the desert," something else was done; they were used, they were abducted from themselves, they were trained to be *daily wasted*, it was made a moral obligation on them; and now they can no longer do without it, and do not want it different. Only, these poor beasts of burden must not be denied their "vacation," as it is called, this ideal of leisure of an overworked century, where one can loaf for once to one's heart's content, and be imbecile and childish.

SMALL UNCONFORMABLE ACTIONS ARE NECESSARY! — To sometimes act *contrary* to our better insight in the affairs of *custom;* here to yield in practice and reserve one's intellectual freedom; to do as all do, and thereby to bestow a courtesy and a kindness upon all, as a recompense, so to speak, for the divergence of our opinions,— that is held by many tolerably free-thinking people to be not only harmless, but "genteel," "humane," "tolerant," "not pedantic," and whatever the fine words may be with which the intellectual conscience is lulled to sleep: and so this one brings on his child for Christian baptism, while he is an atheist, that one submits to military service, like all the rest of the world, while he condemns international enmities, and a third hies himself to church with his little wife, because she has pious relations, and offers his vows before the priest without being ashamed. "It is not *essential* if we do what all always do and have done," — thus runs the vulgar *prejudice!* the *vulgar* error! For there is nothing *more essential* than when that which is already powerful, long-established, and unreasonably recognized is once more ratified by the action of one acknowledged as a man of sense: thereby it receives, in the eyes of all who hear of it, the sanction of reason itself! All honor to your opinions! But small unconformable actions are worth more!

Reminiscences of Colonel Greene.

The following article appeared some months ago in the "National Tribune," contributed by R. S. Littlefield, a member of the regiment commanded by Colonel Wm. B. Greene. Wishing to do my utmost to preserve all that relates to the remarkable personality of the author of "Mutual Banking," I reprint it:

During the fall and winter of 1861, Company D, 14th Massachusetts — the regiment changed later to heavy artillery — guarded the Long Bridge, Virginia's connection with Washington City. The Army of the Potomac was then in process of formation, and its scattered regiments were encamped all about from the bridge to Munson's Hill, Va., then in the enemy's hands.

At the time under consideration the typical Regular officer had not acquired the respect for the volunteer soldier that was forced upon him later, and Kearny, the gallant General "Phil," somewhat dependent perhaps on the loss of an arm in the Mexican war, when late, would charge (mounted) the post at the Washington end of the bridge, shouting "Get out of the road, you —— militiaman!" and would ride past or over him; which example of Kearny's had its imitators as a matter of course.

Our then Colonel, Wm. B. Greene, a West Pointer and participant in the Seminole war, an old man so eccentric that for a time he was thought crazy, resolved, "and highly resolved," to put a stop to this showing of disrespect to his men; so, in pursuance of such intent, he issued an order of the following purport: "That any officer of the rank of Brigadier-General crossing Long Bridge after taps, disregarding the challenge of a sentry to halt and give the countersign, such sentry should attempt to empty the saddle, and the Corporal of the Guard, hearing the shot and witnessing a failure on the part of the sentinel to so empty the saddle, is to complete the work; but if the challenged party be of the rank of Colonel, and drunk, both sentinel and Corporal will allow him to pass unmolested."

A copy of this remarkable order was duly forwarded to the Adjutant-General, at Washington, and on Kearny's next visit to the Capital said order was shown him by Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, with the injunction to Kearny that he had better look out, for he (Townsend) knew Greene intimately, and knew also whom the order was meant for.

For a month and more afterwards General Kearny "passed" Long Bridge altogether, making a detour by the Chain Bridge, miles up the Potomac.

A few officers' horses were maimed, as a result of the order, until the proper status regarding this point in military ethics was established.

Colonel Greene's was a rich character in surprises. He was tall and soldierly-looking, had iron-gray hair and beard, and the keenest black eyes ever put in mortal's head; he was rapid of speech and action, impatient of any slow and especially blundering movements in others, but withal was kind, patient, forgiving, and fatherly to his enlisted men. His regimental officers perhaps might not fully, as respects themselves, indorse this description of his traits of character, for I recollect, on drills, witnessing him during battalion tangles being pretty severe on them, using every expletive at hand; and at such times he seemed a graduate in the art.

In the early days it was customary to turn out in line when a new regiment crossed into Virginia, our band striking up as the approaching regiment reached our left, our Colonel out, mounted. It was the 22d Massachusetts, I think, coming, and the band at the precise juncture was a little behind time, when the Colonel, spurring his horse, charged the band, shouting: "Why in —— —— —— don't you play a march?"

One Sunday our "Holy Joe" was absent in Washington, but as usual church-call sounded, the regiment forming immediately for services, and, to the utter astonishment of all, Colonel Greene appeared in the place of the chaplain, prefacing his sermon by stating that after the Florida war he resigned from the army and became a Unitarian clergyman.

A propos of this preaching incident, one day the Colonel was very busy with his Adjutant over some perplexing matter, when a Congregational minister from Lawrence, Mass. (two companies of the regiment were raised in Lawrence), entered Headquarters unannounced, and overheard certain strong expressions applied to the subject just then occupying attention; when, looking quickly round, the Colonel said: "Ah! Ah! Mr. Fisher! Am glad to see you! Since being here, you heard me swear a little, — use the term hell. Now, do you know that where it would be sinful in you in such connection to use the word, I can adopt it

(Continued on page 8.)

Liberty.

Issued Weekly at Two Dollars a Year; Single Copies, Four Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 120 Liberty Street.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 1312, New York, N. Y.

Entered at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., DECEMBER 24, 1892.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree, in case Benj. R. Tucker shall decide to publish in book form a compilation of articles written by him for his paper, Liberty, to purchase of him, at the rate of one dollar each, the number of copies herewith set opposite our respective names, and to pay to Benj. R. Tucker one-half the amount due for these copies whenever he shall call for it, and the balance on the appearance of the book.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED.	538 copies.
F. K. Blue, 21 Ninth St., San Francisco,	1 "
Henry Hoefger, Detroit, Mich.,	1 "
Frederick Blum, Detroit, Mich.,	1 "
John Speck, Detroit, Mich.,	1 "
Rufus Stevens, Detroit, Mich.,	1 "
Robert Taylor, Detroit, Mich.,	1 "
John M. McGarry, Detroit, Mich.,	1 "
B. N. Kinyon, Des Moines, Iowa,	1 "
W. G. Stone, Crab Orchard, Neb.,	1 "
Julius Rasmussen, Kennedy, Minn.,	1 "
G. C. Hewett, 1744 Corcoran St., Washington, D. C.,	1 "
Charles C. Schmitt, 69 Pacific St., Newark, N. J.,	1 "
Wm. E. Stevens, 49 Parkhurst St., Newark, N. J.,	1 "
Paul Lefthoff, 190 Thirteenth Ave., Newark, N. J.,	1 "
Gottlieb Schnabel, 155 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J.,	1 "
H. J. Nyce, Pacific Express Co., San Antonio, Texas,	1 "
E. C. Elston, 27 W. Market St., Corning, N. Y.,	1 "
Tak Kak,	1 "
C. S. Reeves, Box 1712, Spokane, Wash.,	1 "

The Fools' Kingdom.

About once a month J. W. Sullivan of the "Twentieth Century" hugs himself in public in his great act of trying to make it appear that he has taken over the Anarchists, bag and baggage, into his camp. According to him, the Anarchists, who have heretofore attributed the continued existence of social evils to the manufacture of so-called laws, have suddenly come to share his peculiar notion that these evils exist because, when the elect manufacture a law, the electors have not the privilege of saying "Amen!" The only foundation for Mr. Sullivan's claim is this: there have always been a small percentage of Anarchists who believe that the way to achieve Anarchy is to take political action for the purpose of repeal, and these Anarchists think that the Referendum is a pretty good scheme, since it may stop more laws from being made while they are repealing the old ones. But the Anarchists who believe in political action are very few in number, and of course those who do not believe in it have not the slightest interest in the Referendum. In fact, the interest taken in it by those whom Mr. Sullivan claims by name does not seem to be of a very ardent character. Those who read Mr. Yarros's explanation in another column will see that his affection for the Referendum is much too platonic to be considered a disaffection from Anarchism. Mr. Schilling, who has been for some time actively engaged in an effort to secure the publication of that work of Proudhon's in which he makes his strongest attack on the Referendum, certainly cannot be looked upon by Mr. Sullivan as a very faithful disciple. And if my friend Koopman showed no more enthusiasm for the ideas advanced in Liberty than he exhibited for the Referendum when I last talked with him about it, I should regard him as a lukewarm comrade.

However, these gentlemen undoubtedly look upon the Referendum with more favor than I do. They at least think it harmless, while I am sure that, if it were to be adopted, it would prove distinctly harmful. Taken as a whole, the people are more tyrannical than those whom they elect to represent them. My respect for the average legislator is not great, but certainly he is less ignorant than the average voter. There are many measures for which the former would hesitate to make himself responsible which would not frighten the latter in the least. But the effect of the Referendum is to lift responsibility off the legislator and place it entirely upon the voter. Consequently the legislator will be careless, and will allow many laws to go to the people for sanction which he would not for a moment take the responsibility of enacting. And when a law goes to the people for sanction, the chances are ten to one that it will get it. As a rule, those who are strongly in favor of a proposed law will be induced by their positive enthusiasm to go to the polls and vote for it, while the opposition, generally less ardent because negative, will not take the trouble to express itself. Take the question of female suffrage, for instance. I have no doubt that public opinion at present is opposed to giving the ballot to woman. But if the people were to vote on the question, nearly every believer would go to the polls, while the opponents would stay at home in large numbers. As a result, very probably female suffrage would become a reality, in spite of the fact that public opinion is overwhelmingly against it; and yet it is certain that many a legislator good-naturedly casts his vote for female suffrage in the legislature who would not do so but for the fact that, as a constitutional question, it must go to the people. Female suffrage, of course, if there is to be suffrage at all, is not a very dreadful thing. But just as female suffrage would probably succeed at the polls though favored only by a minority of voters, so any one of the many tyrannical measures which are championed by enthusiastic minorities would have equally strong chances of success. Thus the Referendum would plunge us into abomination after abomination, placing the intelligent and liberty-loving individual utterly at the mercy of that most dangerous of fools, — the average man.

T.

A Donkey Without Ears.

Some weeks ago the press announced the fact that one of New York's sensational preachers, Rev. Thomas Dixon, had, in his passion for "sport," so far forgotten the pious tradition that the robin is one of the two birds upon whose lives God has set the the seal of sacredness that he went hunting and bagged a large number of those innocent but harsh-voiced members of the feathered race, — enough, in fact, to cause the consequent fines of five dollars each (which is the penalty in the State of New York for killing Jehovah's chosen fowls at that season of the year) to amount to so large a sum that the reverend sportsman was obliged to scrape his pockets in order to prevent his being taken to jail.

Now it seems that killing harmless birds is not the only weakness of "Rev. Tom," as the newspapers familiarly designate him. He has a decided *penchant* for the opera. He does not attend, however, for the purpose of revelling auricularly in the beauties of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhauser," nor does he make any distinction between these and "The Spectre's Bride"; he cares nothing for Liszt, Beethoven, Gounod, Tschaikowsky, and Saint-Saens; even the de Reszkes do not move him, and of Herr Seidl himself he stands not in awe.

What, then, attracts this investigating parson with the large field-glass? It is simply this. The ballet has charms to soothe this savage breast which music possesses not. When he can focus his glass on the ballet, — and the more *Français* it is the better, — his whole being is in his eyes, and his gaze is taken off the scene only by the falling of the curtain.

But even then there is still employment for his huge field-glass. He carefully scrutinizes the different boxes until he discovers the one in which the female occupants are dressed the most *décolleté*, and, with his glass levelled at these, no music, however grand and impressive, can win his attention. Only when the ballet reappears can he be induced to unrivet his gaze from the boxes.

The only evidence given the public of his appreciation of the opera is a sermon, in which he made the truly sane and comprehensible statement that "ballet dancers were an element of the corruption of Tammany"! It would seem from this that, after he had asked of a gentleman before leaving the theatre, "What does it all mean?" and had been informed that he "must have every element of a donkey except its ears," he has discovered, by some process peculiar to his craft, what it all meant.

C. L. SWARTZ.

Corollaries.

—The new book from the pen of Henry George just announced, entitled "A Perplexed Philosopher," deals, as I gather from the press notices, with Spencer's inconsistent and unsuccessful treatment of the land question, — with the interesting story of Spencer's self-contradictions and deliberate changes of opinion. The topic is, no doubt, a fruitful and instructive one; there are some important things to be said on it and useful lessons to be extracted. But George is hardly the proper person to undertake this delicate task; he is, I fear, likely to make a fool of himself and weaken rather than improve the general case — otherwise strong — of the land reformers against Spencer. That these are not gratuitous insinuations, taking their source in short-sighted and partisan refusal to recognize George's merits as a writer on the land question, may be easily established. The press notices referred to state that George's book contains incidental references to Spencer's synthetic philosophy, these same being neither more nor

less than criticisms upon his mechanical or materialistic view of evolution and his failure to admit the "spiritual element" as a factor. George, in other words, is understood to have undertaken the defence of the proposition that Spencer's entire philosophical system is unsound by reason of the exclusion from it of a "personal creator." Of the monumental folly of this pretence I need not speak here; even the most ardent admirers of George will either laugh at or grieve over his fatuity and impudence. They will admit that he is hopelessly beyond his depth here, and that his preposterous claim argues a total absence in him of the sense of the absurd. The point is that the theologico-philosophical farce is almost certain to vitiate the economic argument and to reflect merited and possibly also unmerited discredit upon it. Those who follow Spencer on the land question have nothing to fear from George, and those who would like to see Spencer's errors firmly and fairly handled should expect no aid from him. His book may perhaps be useful in showing people how not to review Spencer.

—J. W. Sullivan notes with satisfaction that some "Philosophical Anarchists" support the incipient movement for direct legislation. I do not know the position of those who have privately expressed their preference; but the recent discussion in the "Twentieth Century" has certainly established the fact that Anarchists generally concur in the view which I expressed soon after the appearance of Mr. Sullivan's article in the "Chautauquan" in favor of the Referendum. I was the first Anarchist to recognize the virtues of direct legislation and to freely avow my appreciation of that form of political government as the ideal and final phase of Democracy. But I explained to Mr. Sullivan that, while Anarchists would not care to deny the superiority of direct government over crude imitations of Democracy, they could not feel any interest in a practical movement aiming at the introduction of the Referendum in countries imperfectly Democratic, solely because they do not find that the economic and social reforms they have at heart would be promoted in the least degree by any change in political forms. Economic and social reform being "the thing," and the people at large being totally unprepared for the only changes worth striving for, the rational course would seem to be to set about preparing the people's minds and creating the soil for those changes. Even assuming that direct legislation would give the people the power of enforcing their demands, it seems to be clear that the first work in order is to get the people to demand the right things, to know what would do them actual good, and to understand the conditions confronting them and the problems pressing for solution. Only after this work is done does the question of ways and means loom up and assume practical significance. Means without ends or means for bad ends would seem to be the cry of Mr. Sullivan, who supports a party without a single libertarian plank in its platform merely because it sees fit to add the direct-legislation proposal to the heap of its incongruous and miscellaneous objects. What progressive tendency is the People's party to be credited with? It simply protests against the inroads of plutocracy and corruption, and as the reasons for dissatisfaction with things as they are are multiplying rather than disappearing, the party is certain to grow very fast. But when it comes to the putting forth of positive demands, the party is worse than impotent. With its present notions of the causes of prevailing maladjustments, it cannot exert any influence for healthy change. In asking for the Referendum, it asks for more power; but it is not our interest or business to give it aid and comfort unless we are sure the power is to be used properly. Hence the need of teaching such proper use of power; and the Anarchists, in declining to work for any change of form and confining themselves to the spreading of right principles, — economic and social, — in endeavoring to point out the true ends and objects rather than the means, are teaching the proper use of power.

—These remarks contain the answer to the following suggestion of Mr. Sullivan's: "Victor Yarros has recently published the fact that he feels that some time the Anarchists will have work in politics to do. I hardly regard his rejection of direct legislation as definitive, because, if he goes into politics, he will want the best form." The "fact" which I am said to have published was embodied in this rather axiomatic statement incidentally made in my recent political discussions: "What the future may bring is hidden from our view." You cannot judge of the efficacy of the means if you do not know what the ends are; I have shown that those who have libertarian ends are so remote from the people that direct legislation can have no attractions for them. As to what will be the case when this moral remoteness ceases to be felt is a question upon which it were idle to speculate. I have an idea that even then direct legislation will not be very necessary; there may be still shorter ways to Rome. The important truth to enforce is that the new movement for direct legislation cannot be rationally regarded as progressive; it betrays a confusion of means and ends and involves a subordination and neglect of the latter. It is logical enough for the People's party to agitate for the Referendum; but for those who, in the matter of aims and objects, have nothing in common with it, it is illogical to tender aid in the promotion of means which may be used improperly. V. Y.

When Freedom on Her Mountain Height!

As I sat in my office thinking that it was about time to leave, entered two well-dressed gentlemen. With easy confidence they sat down unasked, and the elder and bluffer of the two began in a hearty voice: "We have called to inform you, sir, that you need a new hat; and that we are about to purchase one for you; the cost of the hat will be five dollars, and our commission will be three dollars. Eight dollars, if you please."

I looked at him with astonishment.

"What do you mean? What business have you to criticise my hat? I admit that it is shabby, but what business is it of yours? Moreover, what do you mean by demanding money in that fashion? Leave my office at once."

"Gently, my friend," replied the younger, of a sour, pious temperament, "let me explain. We are the Messieurs Government, — my companion Mr. D. Government, myself Mr. R. Government. It is our duty to see that everybody does what is for the public benefit. Now, it is manifestly very unpleasant to have to encounter so many people with shabby hats like yours; it is degrading, too, to the wearers, — deprives them of self-respect. Briefly, you are required to get a new hat, through us. Put up the cash at once, or we will make you."

"Robbers!" I shouted. "Help! Help!"

They rushed upon me with drawn revolvers.

"Treasonable wretch!" they cried, as they tied me to a chair and proceeded to go through my pockets. "Impious rebel! It is your duty to do what we require. Folly, to talk of us as if we were robbers. Don't you understand? You really need a new hat, and you have voluntarily commissioned us to go around the corner and buy one for you."

"What do you mean by voluntarily?" I cried; "nothing of the sort. I need a new hat, I admit, but I prefer not to spend my money for that purpose just now. Besides, if I were going to buy one, I would buy it myself, and not pay you such an extortionate charge for nothing. Yet you have the impertinence to say that I voluntarily commissioned you."

"You certainly did commission my friend Democrat here, last November. Don't you remember? We let you choose which of us should do it, and you chose him. So you are perfectly free in the matter."

"Free! Do you call that free? As a matter of fact, I never did vote for either of you, and, if I had voted, you could hardly call me free, for you both carry revolvers, and you both announce your design to plunder me. To choose which shall rob me is hardly freedom."

"Yes, we do work in partnership," said Mr. D. Government. "Have to, you know. One works, the other lays off. But the one that lays off has to make his keep until his turn comes. But drop your talking, and pay up."

In the face of heavy odds, I paid, and they departed with my eight dollars.

I never saw the new hat.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

Reminiscences of Colonel Greene.

(Continued from page 1.)

whenever it will fit, for I don't believe in the place; you do!"

A recruit on camp guard one day, with feet wide apart, "presented arms" on the Colonel's approach, mounted, with the barrel of his gun outward. The Colonel rode around the sentry, grimly surveying him. Coming to the front, the following orders were issued: "Soldier! turn your gunstock outward! Soldier! bring your feet together! So; that's better." He was very dexterous handling a musket, and, dismounting, took it and went himself through the manual of arms, when, passing the piece to the recruit, he put him through every motion; and thereafter that recruit was proficient in so much of the technicality pertaining to the profession of arms.

This kindly manner of his, with an end in view toward accustoming the new patriotic volunteer to things expected of him in his new life, won the love of the men; and his ideas of discipline were not of the Regular sort; for, while punctilious as to every needed military observance and act, "he could not treat volunteers as Regulars were treated."

The regiment was changed permanently to heavy artillery in January, '62, garrisoning the line of fortifications adjacent to Long Bridge, and, during that year Colonel Greene resigning on account of poor health, it had but slight opportunity to show its mettle, with the exception of the 1st Battalion, particularly Company I, which, detached at Winchester, served a battery with credit in that battle.

We had this slight opportunity, however, on the outskirts of Manassas or Bull Run, Second. During the confusion reigning at that time, a provisional brigade, General Sturgis in command, consisting of a New York

battery, L. A., the 2d New York H. A., and the 1st Massachusetts H. A., went to the front, near Centerville, in the order named. A force of the enemy's cavalry, Fitz Lee commanding, turned the battery, which, with the regiment in advance, passed pell-mell through Greene's lines, which were formed on the crest of a hill just beyond the junction of the Leesburg with the Alexandria Pike. Greene promptly seized two guns of the battery, and with ambulance wheels made such a respectable showing of artillery, together with the full line of battle of a large regiment presented, as to deter Lee's further advance; his regiment here giving promise of staying qualities, which were tested later at Spottsylvania and on other fields.

Dear old Colonel Greene! The mound covering his ashes in Forest Hill Cemetery, near Boston, each recurring Memorial day is lovingly decorated with wreaths of flowers placed by the hands of comrades of his command, whose locks are now grizzled, like himself in the years of the war, which touching tribute to his memory, in its reminiscence of a past association, must ere long cease. He was highly connected in Massachusetts, by marriage into the family of Chief-Justice Shaw, the State's great jurist, which family furnished Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of Fort Wagner fame. To quote Bowen's "Massachusetts in the War":

"Colonel Greene was a West Point graduate, who in the Regular Army had seen active service in Florida and elsewhere, but at the opening of the war had for some years been living in Paris. He at once hastened to his native land to offer his sword in behalf of the Government, and, on receiving the commission of Colonel, set about perfecting his command, according to the standard of his rich experience at home and abroad. The result was that, when his regiment was ordered to the front, August 7, it had already attained a great degree of efficiency."

Time Enough Yet to Do Mischief.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

The New York "Sun's" question: "Who can estimate in dollars and cents the worth of the Fifty-second Congress's services in preventing the enactment of the 12,867 bills which failed to get through at the last session?" reminds me of the sentence in the boy's essay on "Pins." "Pins have saved a great many people's lives — by not swallowing them."

The "Sun" is premature. The Fifty-second Congress has all this winter before it in which to pass the worst of those bills. The best have no show, and, as Aunt Sojourner Truth said of the Maryland people who had jobs under the Freedman's Bureau: "'Twasn't de bess of dem Murlaners neider, and de bess of 'em's wuss 'nuff."

Yours truly,

P. T. BOWEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 19, 1892.

The Lay of the Politician.

I'm an American —
Politician, I am.
What I say you —
Do.
I run things. Our free institutions are
Me. What I say —
Goes.
And I don't give a damn
Who's —
Elected —
I'm always in.
I have a way of getting there
Every time. See?
You do the voting — I do the
Rest.
That's where I've
Got the bulge
On you.
I'm in it for the boodle.
That's
Where I come in.
You're not in it — you
Just pay the bills —
That's all you're for.
I'm on top
And I'm
Going to stay there —
It's comfortable —
Very. So —
So long!
Till next election.
Then I'll have another
One
On
You.

George Forrest.

LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address,
BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York, N. Y.

ANARCHISM: ITS AIMS AND METHODS. An address delivered at the first public meeting of the Boston Anarchists' Club, and adopted by that organization as its authorized exposition of its principles. With an appendix giving the Constitution of the Anarchists' Club and explanatory notes regarding it. By Victor Yarros. 30 pages. Price, 5 cents; 6 copies, 25 cents; 25 copies, $1.00; 100 copies, $3.00.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE, and the Sovereignty of the Individual. A discussion between Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews. Including the final replies of Mr. Andrews, rejected by the New York *Tribune*, and a subsequent discussion, occurring twenty years later, between Mr. James and Mr. Andrews. 121 pages. Price, 35 cents.

GOD AND THE STATE. "One of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written. Paine's 'Age of Reason' and 'Rights of Man' consolidated and improved. It stirs the pulse like a trumpet call." By Michael Bakounine, Founder of Nihilism and Apostle of Anarchy. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 52 pages. Price, 15 cents.

CO-OPERATIVE HOMES. An essay showing how the kitchen may be abolished and the independence of woman secured by severing the State from the Home, thereby introducing the voluntary principle into the Family and all its relationships. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Louise Michel. Price, 6 cents; two copies, 10 cents.

CO-OPERATION: ITS LAWS AND PRINCIPLES. An essay showing Liberty and Equity as the only conditions of true co-operation, and exposing the violations of these conditions by Rent, Interest, Profit, and Majority Rule. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Herbert Spencer. Price, 6 cents; two copies, 10 cents.

THE RADICAL REVIEW: Vol. I. handsomely bound in cloth, and containing over sixty Essays, Poems, Translations, and Reviews, by the most prominent radical writers, on industrial, financial, social, literary, scientific, philosophical, ethical, and religious subjects. 828 pages octavo. Price, $5.00. Single numbers, $1.15.

LAND TENURE. An essay showing the governmental basis of land monopoly, the futility of governmental remedies, and a natural and peaceful way of starving out the landlords. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Robert Owen. Price, 6 cents; two copies, 10 cents.

THE REORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS. An essay showing how the principles of co-operation may be realized in the Store, the Bank, and the Factory. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price, 6 cents; two copies, 10 cents.

THE IRON LAW OF WAGES. An Essay showing that wages could not be kept down to the cost of the laborer's subsistence were it not for the monopoly by a privileged class of the right to represent wealth by money. By Hugo Bilgram. Price, 5 cents.

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY. An eloquent exposition of the beliefs of Anarchists by a man as eminent in science as in reform. By Elisee Reclus. Followed by a sketch of the criminal record of the author by E. Vaughan. Price, 10 cents.

CORPORATIONS. An essay showing how the monopoly of railroads, telegraphs, etc., may be abolished without the intervention of the State. By C. T. Fowler. Containing a portrait of Wendell Phillips. Price, 6 cents; two copies, 10 cents.

SO THE RAILWAY KINGS ITCH FOR An Empire, Do They? By a "Red-Hot Striker," of Scranton, Pa. A reply to an article by William M. Grosvenor in the *International Review*. Price, 10 cents; per hundred, $4.00.

FREE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS: Their Nature, Essence, and Maintenance. An abridgment and rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trial by Jury." Edited by Victor Yarros. 47 pages. Price, 25 cents.

PROHIBITION. An essay on the relation of government to temperance, showing that prohibition cannot prohibit, and would be unnecessary if it could. By C. T. Fowler. Price, 6 cents; two copies, 10 cents.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM: Its relation to Labor Reform and Prosperity. Demonstrating the abolition of interest to be unavoidable. By Alfred B. Westrup. 30 pages. Price, 10 cents.

MUTUAL BANKING: Showing the Radical Deficiency of the existing Circulating Medium, and how Interest on Money can be Abolished. By William B. Greene. Price, 25 cents.

TAXATION OR FREE TRADE? A Criticism upon Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade." By John F. Kelly. 16 pages. Price, 5 cents; 6 copies, 25 cents; 100 copies, $3.

CAPTAIN ROLAND'S PURSE: How It is Filled and How Emptied. By John Ruskin. The first of a projected series of Labor Tracts. Supplied at 37 cents per hundred.

A FEMALE NIHILIST. A thrilling sketch of the character and adventure of a typical Nihilistic heroine. By Stepniak, author of "Underground Russia." Price, 10 cents.

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN: Being a Protest Against the Government of Man by Man. By Auberon Herbert. Price, 10 cents.

THE STATE: ITS ORIGIN, ITS NATURE, And Its Abolition. By Albert Tarn, an English Anarchist. 19 pages. Price, 5 cents.

CITIZENS' MONEY: A critical analysis in the light of free trade in banking. By Alfred B. Westrup. 27 pages. Price, 10 cents.

SOCIALISTIC, COMMUNISTIC, MUtualistic, and Financial Fragments. By W. B. Greene. Price, $1.25.

TENDENCY NOVELS.

For any of the following Romances, address,
BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York, N. Y.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN. A humorous, satirical, and philosophical novel. By Claude Tillier. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. With a sketch of the author's life and works by Ludwig Pfau. This work, though it has enjoyed the honor of three translations into German, has never before been translated into English. It is one of the most delightfully witty works ever written. Almost every sentence excites a laugh. It is thoroughly realistic, but not at all repulsive. Its satirical treatment of humanity's foibles and its jovial but profound philosophy have won its author the title of "the modern Rabelais." My Uncle Benjamin riddles with the shafts of his good-natured ridicule the shams of theology, law, medicine, commerce, war, marriage, and society generally. 312 pages. Price, in cloth, $1.00; in paper, 50 cents.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS. By Felix Pyat. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. A novel unequalled in its combination of dramatic power, picturesque intensity, crisp dialogue, panoramic effect, radical tendency, and bold handling of social questions. Probably the most vivid picture of the misery of poverty, the extravagance of wealth, the sympathy and forbearance of the poor and despised, the cruelty and aggressiveness of the aristocratic and respectable, the blind greed of the middle classes, the hollowness of charity, the cunning and hypocrisy of the priesthood, the tyranny and corruption of authority, the crushing power of privilege, and, finally, of the redeeming beauty of the ideal of liberty and equality that the century has produced. 325 pages. Price, in cloth, $1.00; in paper, 50 cents.

THE KREUTZER SONATA. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker. This novel, dealing with the questions of love and marriage, urges a morality that is more than puritanical in its severity, while handling the delicate subject with all the frankness of the realistic school. This book, so far as the central lesson to be drawn from it is concerned, is of a reactionary character, and should not be regarded as a part of Liberty's propaganda. Yet it is a work of interest, almost a masterpiece of art, a romance not without sociological importance. No lover of independent thought can fail to admire its rare unconventionality, the fearless way in which the author addresses polite circles upon a subject which they generally taboo. Price, in cloth, $1.00; in paper, 50 cents.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. By Olive Schreiner. A romance, not of adventure, but of the intellectual life and growth of young English and German people living among the Boers and Kaffirs; picturing the mental struggles through which they passed in their evolution from orthodoxy to rationalism; and representing advanced ideas on religious and social questions. A work of remarkable power, beauty, and originality. 375 pages. Price, in cloth, 60 cents; in paper, 25 cents.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? By, N. G. Tcherny, chewsky. Translated by Benj. R Tucker. With a portrait of the Author. Written in prison. Suppressed by the Czar. The author over twenty years an exile in Siberia. The book which has most powerfully influenced the youth of Russia in their growth into Nihilism. Whoever comes under its influence will fall in love with high ideals. 329 pages. Price, in cloth, $1.00; in paper, 35 cents.

THE ANARCHISTS:

A Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century.

BY

JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

Translated from the German by

GEORGE SCHUMM.

A poet's prose contribution to the literature of philosophic and egoistic Anarchism. The author traces his own mental development in London amid the exciting events of 1887,—the manifestations of the unemployed, the rioting at Trafalgar Square, and the executions at Chicago. The antagonism between Communism and Anarchism sharply brought out. One of the world's great artists places his pen at the service of Anarchism.

CONTENTS.

Frontispiece portrait of the author. Introduction. I.—In the Heart of the World-Metropolis. II.—The Eleventh Hour. III.—The Unemployed. IV.—Carrard Auban. V.—The Champions of Liberty. VI.—The Empire of Hunger. VII.—The Tragedy of Chicago. VIII.—The Propaganda of Communism. IX.—Trafalgar Square. X.—Anarchy. Appendix.—Study of Mackay's Works, by Gabriele Reuter.

315 Pages.

Price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Address:

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York, N. Y.

LIBERTY.—Vols. V and VI.

Complete files of the fifth and sixth volumes of this journal, handsomely bound in cloth,

now for sale at

Two Dollars Each.

People who desire these volumes should apply for them early, as the number is limited. The first four volumes were long since exhausted, and it is easy to find persons eager for the privilege of paying ten dollars for a copy of the first volume. The others will soon be equally high.

Address: BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York, N. Y.